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HUE and CRY  
AFTER  
CROMWELL,  
OR, THE  
City's Lamentation for the Loss of their  
COIN and CONSCIENCE.

Printed in the Year 1649, and now Re-printed *verbatim*, for the Edification of the Admirers of Oliver's Pious Memory.

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*-He that saith unto the Wicked, Thou art Righteous, bim shall the People curse,  
Nations shall abhor bim, Prov. xxiv. 4.—They that forsake the Law, praise  
the Wicked: But such as keep the Law contend with them, Ch. xxviii. 4.*

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K. L. C. R.



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A F T E R  
C R O M W E L L,  
OR, THE  
City's Lamentation for the Loss of their  
COIN and CONSCIENCE.

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ORdered by the Supreme Authority, That this Hue and Cry be speedily directed to all the People's Officers, whether Mayors, Sheriffs, Constables, &c. to be proclaimed in all Cities, Counties, Towns, Boroughs, in England and Wales.

HENRY SCOBEL, Cler' de Cour

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N O L - N O D :

Printed in the Year of No Liberty, 1649.

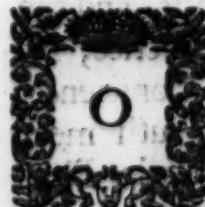
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... to the John ... the author  
Toleration ... a single Point, so that  
... the Author ... A Letter of  
... to the Author ...

# HUE and CRY AFTER CROMWELL



YES, O YES, O YES, If any manner of Man or Woman, in City, Town or Country, can tell any Tale or Tidings of a certain Beast, like a Town-Bull, with a triangular Jesuitical Head, a totting Nose, a long meagre Face, red fiery Eyes, Iron-streaked on the Sides, a broad Back, long Runnag Legs, bloody Paws, a burnt Bob-tail, an hollow hypocritical Heart, a perjured and feared Conscience, an impudent Tongue,

B

[ 6 ]

tiate devouring Paunch, a murdering bloody Nature, a corrupt covetous Condition, an aiming ambitious Mind, a deluding and dissembling Countenance, a parasitical and lying Tongue, on his Face you will find the Mark of the Beast, and the Number of his Fellow-Conspirators at Westm<sup>ster</sup>. He hath murdering strong Horns, a thick stiff Neck, in his Forehead are brazen *blasphemies*; on the one Cheek *Heresy*, on the other, *Scism*, and on his Jaws *Rebellion*; his Mouth is an *open Sepulcher*, which never divides itself but to deceive; his Tongue is tipt with rhetorical Rhapsodies to ruin Kingdoms, dissemble with God, equivocate and juggle with Men; his Face is the Map of *Impudence*, and his Nose the *flaming Beakon* to raise a Country to Rebellion, or a Sea-mark for Sectaries to sail by; he commonly looks up and out-faces God and his Angels, when he makes Imprecations to deceive; imploring their names to his feigned Oaths, conniving Covenants, and *ocean* Protestations; and promising that which he never intends to fulfill: He hath defy'd his God, murthered King, and ruin'd his Country; undone Thousands, is gious in nothing but *Regicide*, *Murther*, *Theft*, and the *of the deadly Sins*; Wickednes is his Practice, his selfs, his Saviour, his Will, his Law, his Conscience, Covetousnes, his Virtue, his Vice, his Truth meer, his Words Equivocations; and all his Policies Plots ruin others, and enrich himself; if you never trust him, will never deceive you; if you believe him, you deny own: As his Plots comes to Perfection, so he varies his first Principles; and then he makes God his Journan, the King his Slave, the Parliament his Panders, the

the City his Als, the Country his Bond-men ; when he paws with his Hoof, he causes the Hearts of his Vassals to tremble ; when he bellows, the *Irish* Boggs quake like a Custard ; when he whisketh his Tail, away fly the poor sneaking *Poetasters* of the Times, that a *Gad-sie* dares not light on his Hide, much less sting him to the quick, for fear of a pocky Flap with his Tail ; he hath wrought Miracles, and shit Wonders ; he entred *Southwark* in a Storm of Hail, and left *London* in a Clap of Thunder ; the City feasted him, and gave him a Hundred Pieces of Gold in a new Purse, and a Suit of Plate ; and he revisited them a little after for 150000*l.* more : He went into the House of God, and gor'd his Ordinances, and toss'd them with one Horn one Way, and his Commandments with the other Horn another way.

*Hugh Peters* sollicited for his Lust, and was not denied. *Bradsharw* was his Lawyer, and is since rewarded with Thousands a Year. *Cooke* his Serving-Man, that provided him a Banquet at *Whitelhall* Gate, and is rewarded also. And *Steele* his Counsellor, who was true to him, is now well monied and plac'd. These Beasts have all the fat Pastures of the Land, have God, the King, Sea, Earth, at their Command.

This unclean Beast cheweth not the Cud, nor escheweth Evil, but leapeth Hedges ; knows no Bounds, breaks Fences, removeth Landmarks, feeds on other Mens Goods, and destroys the good things and Fruits of the Earth ; he draws after his Tail Legions of *Vermin* called *Tomentors*, to kill, punish, and afflict all honest Men, cat them up, and devour them.

This

This strange Beast hath lately strayed from his Fellows out of their fat Pastures at *Westminster*, tho' he had his free Choice, *Either to stay there and be hang'd, go to Scotland and be kill'd, or to Ireland and be drown'd.*

This is a Saint and no Saint, a Bull and no Bull, a Traytor, and no Traytor, a Devil and no Man : This strange Beast takes upon him to be a great Enemy to the Lion, because that Creature is a King of all Beasts, and hath Superiority before him ; therefore he seeks all he can, Root and Branch to devour him and all his Race from off the Face of the Earth. Name what Villainy you can imagine, he is the Master of it : He was begotten by the Devil, and his Mother (that was a Witch) in a Brewer's Stoke-hole ; he was nursed up by *Dissention*, and fed with *Perjury*, *Sacrilege*, and *Plunder*. He was brought up in the Isle of *Ely*, where for his Agility of Body, he was called *the Town-bull* ; which made his Parents keep him for a *Breeder*, and not accustom him to the Yoke ; his first begotten was hang'd for poisoning his Master, and himself will have good Luck if he be not damn'd for murthering his King.

All these are sufficient Marks to shew him by ; some say he was conveyed away by a Chariot drawn by six *Flanders Mares*, with one *Ireton*, the Devil's God-son, and *Harrison*, the Jesuit. It had been far better, and more pleasing to God and Man, that he had been drawn like his Son on a *Sledge*, with three black Dray-horses, and *Derrick* and his Man for his Companions ; and *the Varlets* about him with a Guard of Halberts, as the greatest Injustice. *That young Cromwell should be hang'd drawn and quartered for poisoning the Master*

*Master of one single Family, and that old Cromwell should scape  
for Murthering his Lord and Sovereign, that was the Master  
of all the private Families of England. O Tempora !  
O Mores !*

*Young Noll at Tyburn suffer'd for his Fact,  
Old Noll's unhang'd, has done the baser Act.*

For these Reasons it shall be lawful wherever he be found, That all Butchers Boys do set their Mastiffs to his Nose: And that all honest Hearts whatsoever, that love God and the King, do affist them with Stones, Clubs, Prongs, and whatever Instruments they can lay their Hands on for that Purpose: And in Case they can tame him, to convey his loathed Carkass in a Wheel-barrow to a Bear-Garden in London, that all the Butchers in Middlesex, and Surrey, may play a Match at *the Town-bull of Ely*.

*Then shall John Lylburne, and Overton laugh  
And Cavaliers stand round, and Nose and Staff.  
Bradshaw shall then play on a Gallows-string,  
And rue the Day he did betray the King.  
Cook, the Recorder, have an Elder Tree,  
And Steel a Slip to reward Treachery.  
Atkins shall stink for Fear, go out in Snuff,  
The rest shall start at every windy Puff.  
When th' sacred Blood of Royal Charles shall crie  
Revenge ! Revenge : All Rebels then shall die.*

Then shall all gallant-minded Soldiers, and others, perceiving into what Misery and Bondage these *Regicides*

have brought the Kingdom too, put on more noble Resolutions to forsake their (now) trayterous Masters, and stick close to King *Charles* the Second : And for Joy, sing this Ditty following.

## SONG. *Tune of, Fair Fidelia.*

Come let's march into th' field,  
We'll make King *Charles*  
His Enemies to yield ;  
When we at them give Fire;  
Then they will quickly retire,  
And like Cowards run away :  
Then we will pursue apace,

Some shall flee,  
Others die

By their Valour in the Place :  
If once we do them rout,  
They'll never face about,  
If they but run  
They'll ne'er return,  
Their Hearts are not so stout.

The Parliament we will forsake,  
And for King *Charles*  
An Army we will make,  
We will maintain his Right  
And for him we will fight  
So long as Life doth last,  
We'll place the Crown upon his

He shall reign (Head,  
Once again,

We will have none in his stead :  
*Charles* still our King shall be,  
We will have none but He,  
We had rather die,  
Than to deny  
King *Charles* His Majesty.

We'll put those false Religions  
And hang all those that (down,  
Are Traytors to the Crown,  
And be no longer Slaves  
To these rebellious Knaves  
That have cheated all the Land :  
We'll fetch Queen *Mary* home  
She from *France* (again,  
Shall advance  
With an Honourable Train.  
We'll place King *Charles* in's  
And help him to his own, (Throne,  
Do what they can  
He is the Man  
Shall rule the Land alone.

When this is done, then you shall  
We shall enjoy (see,  
King *Charles* his Majesty,  
Then Religion shall be pure,  
And the Kingdom safe and sure  
For an everlasting Peace ;  
Committees then shall have a fall,  
So likewise  
The Excise,  
With the Parliament and all,  
Unless they do repent  
And to the King consent  
We'll hang up those  
That do oppose,  
And wrong the Innocent.

## P O S T C R I P T.

**A**S the Author of the preceding Tract (generally suppos'd to have been that famous Convert to *Loyalty*, Mr. *Prymne*) was, it seems endu'd with somewhat like a prophetick Spirit, in having then, in the Year 1649, from his exact Observation of Oliver's surprizing Conduct (even before he had absolutely usurp'd the Government of these Kingdoms) previously characterized that *Arch Hypocrite* and *Dissembler* both to God and Man, as aforesaid, and foretold that his Ambition, Tyranny, and insatiable Thirst after Dominion, Bloodshed, Riches, and Vain-glory, wou'd have no Bounds; so indeed the Event too fatally prov'd it to be so: For, by the Assistance of that avaritious and mercenary *Rump-Parliament*, which He and his Enthusiastick *Janizaries*, in a very arbitrary, insolent, and contemptible manner, dissolv'd, some time after they had made him General, and that he had got the absolute Power or Command of the Army into his Hands, and by the Assistance likewise of his *Council of State*, and subsequent *Mock-Parliaments*, all of his own Nomination, together with the Help of his *Janizaries* (that is, the Army) these then unhappily prostituted Kingdoms, were (under the pretended Denomination of the *Free Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland*) incomparably more harrass'd, oppress'd, and enslav'd, by innumerable Subsidies, Assessments, Supplies, Depredations, Forfeitures, Sequestrations, Compositions, Plunderings, and arbitrary Taxes of various Kinds, amounting to many Millions of Money (besides that Deluge of human Blood violently shed, and Thousands of Free-born Subjects transported, like Felons, to the Plantations) in his time more than ever they were, in the Reigns of any (I may say all) their Lawful Kings, for several Hundred Years before.

Nay, to strengthen that Tyrant Oliver's Interest with the heedless, undiscerning, and cajol'd Multitude, till his Power became uncontrollable at last, he not only indulg'd, under the Mask of a pretended Liberty, (or rather indeed a Liberty of Licentiousness) but even openly encouraged *Enthusiasm*; (a sort of religious Madness) in all its various Shapes, and also all Sorts of Sects, Schismatics and Hereticks whatsoever; *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, *Anabaptists*, *Brownists*, *Antinomians*, *Quakers*, *Deists*, *Arians*, *Secinitians*, *Jesuits*, *Jews*, *Infidels*, *Atheists*; nay, even the most extravagant Blasphemies expressly against our Blessed Saviour and the

[ 12 ]

Holy Ghost, avowedly in Print, that the Spirit of Delusion could possibly have infus'd into the Hearts, Mouths, and Pens, of most desperately wicked Men; as may be seen at large in the Three Parts of *Edwards's Gangrena*, which gave Occasion to an ingenious Poet of those Times to compose the following Epigram.

*Sortitur sibi quisque Fidem, sibi quisque Magistrum,  
Nunquam plus Fidei Perfidiaeque fuit.*



As to that horrid Compact, which the Devil's Vice-Gerent *Oliver* is said to have solemnly made with the Devil, and sign'd with his Blood in a Wood, on the 3d of September 1651, some Hours before the Battle of Worcester, on condition that he should gain that Battle, and be successful in all his other Undertakings, for the Space of seven Years precisely, reckoning from that Day forward, a full and particular Account thereof may be seen in the Reverend Dr. *Eckhard's History of England*, to which the Reader is for Brevity's sake hereby referr'd.

However, as the Almighty Disposer of all things, has, in his All-wise and inscrutable Providence (as particularly in the Case of *Holy Job*) frequently thought fit to permit the Devil and his Instruments to tempt and torment some, even the best of Men, in this World, and makes Use likewise of the Wicked sometimes to punish the Wicked; so, after that Usurper and Tyrant, His pretended Highness, *OLIVER, Lord Protector* (forsooth) of the pretended Commonwealth of *England, Scotland and Ireland*, had run out his wicked Course of Seven Years, as aforesaid, he was on that very remarkable Day of the Month, on which he gain'd his most signal Victories, at *Worcester, Dunbar, &c.* the Third Day of September, in the Year 1658, to the no small Joy of the then poor oppress'd People of these Kingdoms, hurried away much against his Will, in a most dreadful Storm of Wind to the other World; where doubtless he must have the Reward of his Deeds in the Flesh.

*The Triumphing of the Wicked is short, and the Joy of the Hypocrite but for a Moment. Though his Excellency mount up to the Heavens, and his Head reach unto the Clouds; yet he shall perish for ever, like his own Dung: They which have seen him shall say, Where is he? That which he laboured for, shall be restore, and shall not swallow it down: According to his Substance shall the Restitution be, and he shall not rejoice therein: Because he hath oppressed, and hath forsaken the Poor; because he hath violently taken away an House which he builded not.* Job Ch. xx. Ver. 5, 6, 7.—19. 20.